And rather, as it seemes to me, thou keepest from me,
All conueniency, then supplyest me, with the least
Aduantage of hope: I will indeed no longer indure it,
Nor am I yet perswaded to put vp in peace, what already
I haue foolishly sufferd.

Iag. Will you heare me *Roderigo*?

Rod. Faith I haue heard too much, for your words,
And performance are no kin together.

Iag. You charge me most vniustly.

Rod. I haue wasted my selfe out of meanes: the Iewels you haue had from me, to deliuer to *Desdemona*, would halfe haue corrupted a Votarist: you haue told me she has receiu'd em, and return'd mee expectation, and comforts, of suddaine respect, and acquittance, but I finde none.

Iag. Well, goe to, very good.

Rod. Very well, goe to, I cannot goe to man, it is not very well, by this hand, I say tis very scuruy, and begin to finde my selfe fopt in it.

Iag. Very well.

Rod. I say it is not very well: I will make my selfe knowne to *Desdemona*, if she will returne me my Iewels, I will giue ouer my suite, and repent my vnlawfull sollicitation, if not, assure your self I'le seeke satisfaction of you.

Iag. You haue said now.

Rod. I, and I haue said nothing, but what I protest entendment of doing.

Iag. Why now I see there's mettle in thee, and euen from this time doe build on thee, a better opinion then euer before, giue me thy hand *Roderigo*: Thou hast taken against me a most iust conception, but yet I protest, I haue delt most directly in thy affaires.

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Iag. I grant indeed it hath not appear'd, and your suspition is not without wit and iudgement: But *Roderigo*, if thou hast that within thee indeed, which I haue greater reason to beleeue now, then euer, I meane purpose, courage, and valour, this night shew it, if thou the next night following enioyest not *Desdemona*, take mee from this world with treachery, and deuise engines for my life.

Rod.

Rod. Well, is it within reason
Iag. Sir, there is especiall co
To depute *Cassio* in *Othello's* pla
Rod. Is that true? why then
Returne againe to *Venice*.
Iag. O no, he goes into *Maur*
The faire *Desdemona*, vnl sse his
Here by some accident, wherein
determinate, as the remouing of
Rod. How doe you meane re
Iag. Why, by making him v
Knocking out his braines.
Rod. And that you would ha
Iag. I, and if you dare doe yo
to night with a harlot, and thithe
not yet of his honourable fort
thence, which I will fashion to
you may take him at your pleasu
attempt, and hee shall fall bet
at it, but goe along with mee, I
death, that you shall thinke you
now high supper time, and the

Enter *Othello*, *Desdemona*,
and Attend

Rod. I will heare further rea
Iag. And you shall be satisf
Lod. I do beseech you sir, tr
Oth. O pardon me, it shall d
Lod. Madame, good night, I
Des. Your honour is most w
Oth. Will you walke sir: --
Des. My Lord.
Oth. Get you to bed, o'the
dispatch your Attendant there,
Des. I will my Lord.
Em. How goes it now? he

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